A VOTIVE

TABLE,

CONSECRATED

To the Church's

DELIVERERS,

THE PRESENT

King and Queen.

By *EDM. ARWAKER*, A. M.

LONDON,

Printed for *W. Canning* in the *Temple-Cloysters*, 1689.

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KING and QUEEN.

I.

AS when the welcom Dove brought to the Ark,
Wherein the World's Abridgement did embarque,
The grateful Token of the Deluge ceas'd,
The Water's and Heaven's Wrath appeas'd;
A mighty Joy the favour'd *Eight* possels'd,
Great as the Danger lately past,
And as the Bliss they had in View at last:
So when, Great Sir, Your Blest Arrival here
Dispell'd our almost Ship-wrack'd Church's Fear,
With equal Signs of Preservation near,
She did the kind Indulgence celebrate,
With Just Applauses vast as That,
And suited to the Alteration of her State.

II.

But now she sees the Happy Hour,
That places You on *Albion*'s Throne,
With the Fair Partner of Your Heart and Power,
Whose brighter Virtue far out-vyes the Crown.
Secure she casts her Wandring Eye
Back on the Frighful Rocks, and Boisterous Waves,
On ev'ry hand presenting Death and Graves;
And thick black Tempests gather'd in the Sky,
Threat'ning sad Ruin nigh:
When she revolves, in her scarce settled Mind,
The Fate to which she saw her Sons expos'd,
Th'assaulting Rage with which they were inclos'd,
And does Deliv'rance unexpected find;
Now past her Dangers and her Fears,
Plac'd on a lofty *Avarit*,
Above the Reach of Fate,
To You, her mighty Rescuers,
She does this *Votive Table* humbly consecrate.

III.

* *Bishop of London.*

The first Design a * *Myst'd Hero* shews
The third Supporter of her Hopes and Cares,
Whose Virtue, equal to his High Descent,
Makes him her Noble Ornament;
But Virtue still to Envy does expose,
Whoever in its Lofty Paths dares tread,
And this Reward he amply shares,
This brings down Tempests on his Sacred Head;
On him the Rising Storm first vents its Rage,
Which he, Undaunted, does engage;
In vain are Threat'nings added to Commands,
Ev'n those he slights, as well as these withstands;
Assur'd it wou'd the easier lessning be
To Suffer, than Pronounce a Wrong Decree.

IV.

A whole ‖ *Community* next Scene preſents, ‖ *Magdalen* College.
Made a lamented Sacrifice
To Spleen and Avarice,
Inſatiate Furies whom no Victim e're contents!
The Stations, theirs by Merit, and Juſt Choice,
They are compell'd to quit,
Becauſe they wou'd not to their Helm admit
One as unworthy of their Voice,
As by their Rules unfit:
And, leaſt they in another Soil ſhou'd thrive,
Since in their own they are deny'd to live;
To them all Succor is forbid,
No Hoſpitable place muſt open be,
Scarce ev'n the Arms of Charity;
And thoſe who caus'd their wretched Fate,
Maligning the Compaſſion due to that,
Th'unhappy Plea of Poverty deny'd.
Their Time and Labour they had ſpent in vain,
In vain to Heav'n devoted all their days,
Excluded from Subſiſtence other ways,
It's vow'd Attendants in their Woes,
(Such was the Malice of their Foes)
The *Altar* might not ſhelter, or maintain.

V.

Sev'n Rev'rend Prelates make the next ſad Shew,
Wiſe as that Number famous heretofore,
Whoſe Sacred Names we muſt, like Theirs, adore;
Of ſuch Integrity, that each alone
Might for the ſinful World's black Crimes attone,
And ſave it from a Second Overthrow:
Yet not their Merit, nor their Piety
Cou'd be their own Defence;
Nor Guard, alas, that there was need! Their Innocence.
A new, extravagant *Decree*,
Fram'd by the Enemies of True Religion,
By Tolerating all, to Settle none,

Unleſs (what were as bad) their Own;
A Slight, t'inſlave with Shews of Liberty,
Muſt by theſe Angels be declar'd:
This Trick the *Loyolites* prepar'd,
That from their Mouths the Flocks might learn to ſtray,
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to keep them in the Way.
But theſe good Shepherds, Brave and Juſt,
‖ Magdalen College. Scorn'd to Deſert, or to Betray their Truſt,
Nor wou'd that amiable Truth expoſe,
Or ſuffer others to forſake,
Which, amidſt Flames, their Predeceſſors choſe,
And vouch'd Her Beauty's Triumph at a Stake.
For this the Chearful Suff'rers were conveyd
To a Confinement for the Guilty made,
And there (why is their Virtue made their Fault?)
Practis'd the Doctrin they had often Taught.

VI.

The Shepherds Smitten thus, the Sheep next ſtray,
Expos'd to ev'ry Beaſt a helpleſs Prey;
Now rav'ning Wolves break, or o'releap the Fold,
And ſome, alas! the *Paſtoral Croſier* hold;
Now with Falſe Doctrins all the Paths abound,
Spread by Infected Sheep to Taint the Sound;
* Church of *England*. 'Gainſt which * *Euſebia*'s Pious Sons alone
Did Sov'reign Antidotes prepare,
While the once boaſted Champions againſt *Rome*,
Secure in Silence lurk'd at home,
And of the Church took little care,
But Sacrific'd Her Safety to their own.
Well might our *Sacred Mother* now
The Royal *Pſalmiſt*'s Old Complaint renew,
For ev'n the Abjects at her rail,
And in the o'reflowings of his Wine and Zeal,
‖ *Hind* and *Panther*. A looſe ‖ Apoſtate *Bard* makes Songs upon her too,
And in ſtrange Shapes by his Falſe Libel dreſt,
Like her old Martyrs, baits her as a Beaſt.

VII. Amidſt

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VII.

Amidſt theſe Storms what Refuge could ſhe find,
How ſtem the Tide? or how endure the Wind?
She ſaw no Iſle, no ſhelt'ring Harbor near
To ſhun her Danger, or allay her Fear;
When in this wide, tempeſtuous Ocean toſt,
And ready now to be for ever loſt,
You, *Glorious Stars*! Her Relief appear;
From whoſe kind Influence ſhe does preſage,
Long Halcyon Days, another Golden Age.
The noiſy Winds now ceaſe to roar,
And gentle Breezes waft her to the Shore;
She finds the Floods that threatned her abate,
And a ſtill Calm compleats her Happy State.

VIII.

From what ſtrange Cauſe did this Effect proceed?
'Tis wond'rous ſtrange indeed
That the great Work was almoſt done,
E're the Deſign was known.
The mighty Work, Great Lord of Lab'ring Thought,
Was in your Mind's Receſſes cloſely wrought,
And finiſh'd there, e're to our Knowledge brought.
So when the wiſeſt Prince on *Judah's* Throne,
The * Second Wonder of that Nation rear'd, * *Solomon's Temple.*
No Ax, or Hammer's Sound, was by the People heard;
But all was privately prepar'd,
Till the vaſt Fabrick, on a ſudden rais'd,
Surpriz'd the Wond'ring Crowd, the Great Deſigner Praiſ'd.

IX.

Now, like the Patriarch reſcu'd from the Flood,
Abounding in a grateful Senſe
Of the ineſtimable Good,
And the Almighty Donor's great Beneficence,

We may to him accepted Altars raiſe,
And from pure Hearts pay Hecatombs of Praiſe.
Now we may plant the Fruitful Vine,
And while we reſt beneath its Shade,
Refreſh our ſelves with the delicious Wine,
And dread no Wrong our *Properties* t'invade:
Nor let the Sullen blame our Mirth,
Nor th'Envious at our Joys repine,
Our Joys are Extaſies Divine,
And from Above derive their Lofty Birth.
No airy Methods of applauſe,
No Exultations in ſo great a Cauſe,
Leſſen the ſtrict Regard due to its Gravity,
Since by Example Royal led,
We thus a King's and Prophet's Footſteps tread,
Who laid his awful Grandeur by,
And thought he well a Joy expreſt
To ſee the Ark of God approach its place of Reſt,
While he in nimble Meaſures danc'd before the Sacred Gueſt.

X. XIV

Now ſafe from future as from preſent Fear,
We need not a new *Babel* rear,
To brave a Second Floud's aſpiring Rage;
Heav'n for our future Safety does engage,
By placing You, Great Queen, its Glorious *Iris*, here.
You, the fair Enſign of our laſting Peace,
Like that of Heaven's Eternal Truce with Man,
Make all our apprehenſions ceaſe:
Let breaking Cloud vent all the Rage they can,
We know, alas! they ſpend in vain
Their unſucceſsful Rain;
And though the mounting Billows riſe
To furniſh them with new Supplies,
Till Waters from below meet thoſe above,
What they wou'd ruine, they muſt ſtill improve:
But n'ere ſhall Triumph o're our Land again,
While You, *Bright Pledge of Heav'n*, adorn our Happy Skies.

FINIS.